

but I find instead
a realm of laughter, of swinging
to a tune that waltzes through eternity.
Remember how you barely whispered
when you told me about your Christmas
and the Trinity and all those other things?
But here there is no subterfuge;
God's a gay old Bacchus
who enjoys the same fast jokes
we laughed at long ago
and raises many glasses
to lips quite red with wine
and can easily whistle along
with the song the angels' wings
fan into sound. Oh, no, this place
is not what your priests predicted.
And I can't thank you quite enough
for having me converted.

— Ottone M. Riccio
Belmont, Mass.

A Worry Of Sam Snake

Coiling on barstools,
Slithering in bookstores,
Creeping across library dust,
And sliding along
The belly of a wriggling wench
Is the life for me.
But though rummaging
Through bookstores, bars
And whores is pleasant,
From which can one learn more?

— Arthur Kistner
Newark, Delaware